

DAVID • LUPACCHINO • ORTEGO • MILLA

X-FACTOR



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WHEN SUPERHUMANITY NEEDS A DETECTIVE AGENCY, THEY CALL UPON MADROX THE MULTIPLE MAN AND HIS MUTANT TEAM OF INVESTIGATORS...

X-FACTOR



PREVIOUSLY...

IN ORDER TO SAVE HIS TEAMMATES, DARWIN WENT MANO-A-MANO WITH HELA, THE NORSE DEATH GODDESS. THE EXPERIENCE HAS SHAKEN HIM TO HIS SOUL, AND NOW THE YOUNG MUTANT WITH THE EVOLUTION-BASED POWERS HAS LEFT THE TEAM AND GONE OFF ON HIS OWN...

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MADROX TOLD ME HE LIKES TO TALK TO HIMSELF. SOMETIMES, NOT OUT LOUD. INWARDLY.

KEEP A KIND OF NARRATIVE GOING THROUGH HIS HEAD.

HELPS KEEP HIM FOCUSED, HE SAID.

SEEMS A DECENT ENOUGH IDEA.

ESPECIALLY WHEN THE SUN IS POUNDING DOWN ON YOU AND YOU HAVEN'T HAD WATER IN A WHILE.

IT'S NOT LIKE I CAN'T SURVIVE WITHOUT IT. MY BODY EVOLVES AND ADAPTS, JUST AS IT ALWAYS DOES, SO THAT I'M ABLE TO SURVIVE.

THEN AGAIN... AS I'VE RECENTLY LEARNED...

...THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN SURVIVAL.

AND WHETHER I NEED IT OR NOT, I FIND MYSELF CRAVING THE TASTE OF WATER ON MY LIPS.

SOME TYPES OF CACTUS HAVE WATER IN THEM, I THINK.

MAYBE I CAN GET SOME OUT OF THERE.



WOW.



THAT WAS... REALLY
REFRESHING.

I'M NOT FEELING
THIRSTY ANYMORE.

HMM, I'M
ALSO NOT
FEELING MY
BODY
ANYMORE.

I WONDER
IF IT'S STILL
THERE...?



MAYBE NOT.
MAYBE I'VE
EVOLVED INTO
JUST A HEAD...

...LIKE ON
"FUTURAMA."

THAT
WOULD
BE COOL.



Help
me...



...please...
help me... don't
let it get me...



I HAVE NO IDEA
WHERE SHE
CAME FROM...

...OR WHY SHE'S
DRESSED LIKE A
REFUGEE FROM
"UNFORGIVEN."

BUT I SAY THE
THING YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
SAY AT TIMES
LIKE THIS...

DON'T
WORRY. I'LL
PROTECT
YOU--

THEN I
HEAR A
ROAR...

...AND IF FOUL BREATH
WERE A THREAT TO LIFE,
THEN MY NOSE WOULD
EVOLVE TO CLOSE
OFF MY NOSTRILS.

I'D WONDER WHAT
THE HELL IT WAS, BUT
HELL SEEMS TO BE
WHAT SPAT IT OUT.









YEAH, THAT'S...
FASCINATING.

LOOK,
THIS WOMAN
NEEDS MEDICAL
ATTEN--



WHA--?

I'LL
BE FINE.
THANKS.



THANK
YOU FOR
SAVING
ME.

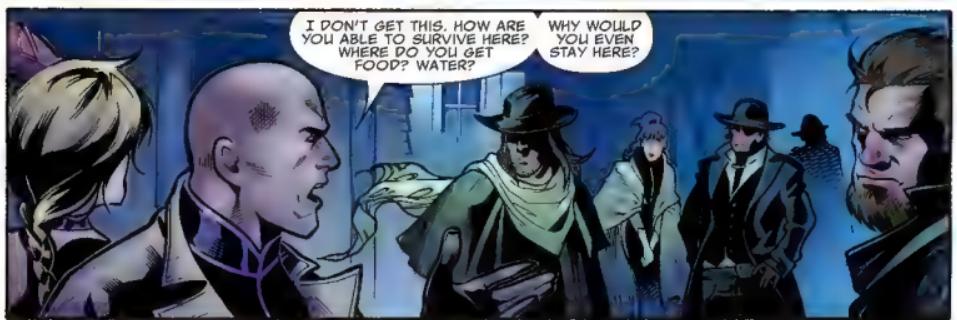
I...I
DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
ARE YOU
OK--?



I'M...NOT SURE
WHAT TO SAY
TO THAT...

MMMM.
YOU
TASTE LIKE
DEATH.









THAT WAS
ENTERTAINING.

GLAD
I COULD
OBLIGE.



SO...YOU'RE
THE STRANGER
WHO'S COME TO
TAKE ME DOWN.

SIT.
TAKE
A LOAD
OFF.

WE'LL
TALK, AS
MEN DO.

EXCEPT
WITH MORE
WIT AND BETTER
GRAMMAR.



BLAM











THIS IS INSANE. IT'S LIKE SOME SORT OF DEMENTED DREAM...

THAT'S IT, OF COURSE. I'M DREAMING. MAYBE SOMETHING IN THAT CACTUS...

THESE GUNS... THEY'RE NOT LIKE NORMAL WEAPONS, DARWIN.

IF GOD HIMSELF WERE SHOT BY ONE, HE WOULD BLEED.

BUT YOU STRIDE TWO WORLDS, AND SO WE ARE IN UNKNOWN TERRITORY. EXCITING, ISN'T IT.

NOT REALLY.
I'VE FIGURED OUT
I'M DREAMING.

OH, HAVE YOU? WELL...
BEST OF LUCK WITH THAT.

TELL ME:
IN YOUR DREAMS,
HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT
WHAT HAPPENS
SHOULD YOU KILL ME?

DO YOU
THINK YOU JUST
WALK INTO THE
SUNSET WITH MY
WHORE?

I
GUESS.

MAYBE
YOUR GUESS
IS RIGHT.

OR MAYBE
YOUR GUESS IS
WRONG. MAYBE
YOU WIND UP
TAKING MY PLACE,
SOONER OR
LATER.

MAYBE YOU
KILL ME...AND
YOU WIND UP
BRINGING DEATH
TO ALL.

THAT'S
RIDICULOUS.
IS IT?

WHY AM I
ARGUING?
HE'S NOT
REAL...
NONE OF
THIS IS...

DARWIN...
HAVEN'T YOU
FIGURED OUT
THAT YOU'RE
IMMORTAL? HUMANS...
EVEN SUPERIOR
ONES...AREN'T
DESIGNED FOR
THAT "GIFT."

THEY NEED
TO BE GROUNDED,
ANCHORED.
IMMORTALITY CUTS
THAT ANCHOR
CHAIN.



HE...HE
WON'T. NOTHING
HE SAYS
MATTERS. HE...

YOU'LL
JUST DRIFT
THROUGH
EXISTENCE,
WITNESSING
EVERYONE AND
EVERYTHING
AROUND YOU
DIE.

IT WILL
DRIVE YOU MAD.

IT WILL
DRIVE YOU HERE
AND YOU'LL WANT
THE WORLD TO
END SO THAT YOU
CAN FINALLY
KNOW PEACE.



YOU
PLANNING
TO DRAW, OR
JUST TALK ME
TO DEATH?



VERY
WELL. BY THE
WAY...

I REALIZE
NOW WHY I
"RECOGNIZED"
YOU.

YOU
KNOW MY
MOTHER.



WHAT?
AND WHO'S--?





